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SONGS

OF

The Mosses.

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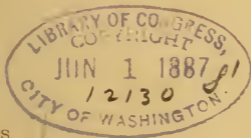
Souvenir.



SONGS

OF

The Mosses.



MOSES,  
M. E. R.

VERSES,  
H. A. L.

*Rogers and W. Augustin  
Sand.*

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14

Q, DELICATE sea-mosses, with your  
pencilings of glory!

I trace your forms of beauty, as I listen  
to your story :

Ocean has many wonders, and it chants  
in varied measure,

Of countless secrets buried 'mong its own  
deep-hidden treasure.

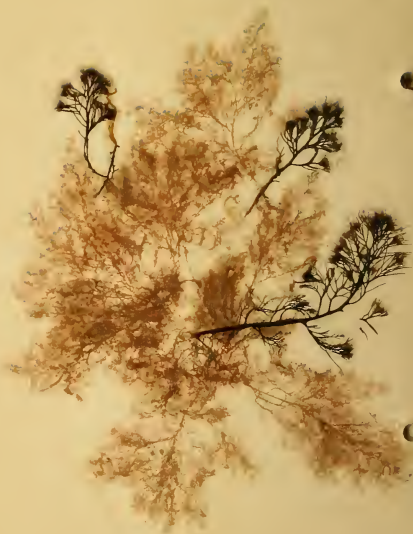


WONDERFUL glories ! Beautiful sea-  
mosses !

Upraised on wave and fondly borne to  
shore :

Ye speak to me of beauty from Life's  
losses --

Joy evermore.



CALL us not weeds, for we are Ocean  
flowers ;

A wild and weird, yet wondrous home is  
ours ;

Our voices soft, with its waves rise and  
fall ;

And this our song : " God cares for each  
and all."



I WANDER by the sea-shore,  
I look across the wave ;  
And from its power mighty,  
It seems no hand could save.  
I catch the sea-pink's beauty,  
They sing far o'er the deep, --  
" The Lord is great and mighty,  
And powerful to keep."



I KNOW each nook by the sea-side  
strand,  
And each huge cliff that like sentries  
stand ;  
The crimson weeds on the amber shore,  
And the flowers that grow on Ocean's  
floor.

Each crested wave, with its cap of white ;  
Each billow, that sports in wild delight ;  
The deeps below and the skies above,  
All join in the chorus — " God is Love."



GIANT, old Ocean ! Tell to me,  
What your own deep mystery ?  
On your breast are flowers fair ;  
In your heart are jewels rare ; —  
Mighty, mighty, foaming sea,  
Would I knew your mystery !





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